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Voice of the German Bishops

WE ARE shut off from our fellow Christians of Germany today by impenetrable barriers. We are united to them only in anxiety and prayer. We should think of them more often. There are German men and women in whom we have such personal confidence that we know they still prove impervious to propaganda, threats and blandishments, imprisonment and the rack. Many within Germany have died for what they and we believe. And it is heartening to have new testimony that the opposition to nazism still continues active and unafraid. Word has just come from the German hierarchy, a group whose high courage has more than one manifested itself in defiance of Hitlerism. The news is much delayed, for it dates back to last May, when the German bishops met once more at the historic tomb of Saint Boniface at Fulda. It reaches us through a courageous Swiss Catholic newspaper, the *Ostschweiz*, and the Office of War Information. It means that many German Christians are standing fast.

The terms in which this Fulda message throws down the challenge to the nazi authories are strong and clear. Of nazi ideas on eugenics the bishops say: "A nation that imposes on itself only an exclusive scale of morality, and even proposes to justify for its own purposes means that are sinful in themselves, perishes through its own deifications." Again, "from here it is only a short step to the monstrous plan that contemplates breeding systematically a new people, or even a superman without matrimonial or moral ties." And a final excerpt which the nazis well might ponder, "it is not numbers, but the spirit living within a people that determines its fate."

Either Or

"There is no longer any distinction between fascism, nazism and falangism."—*Mussolini answering Churchill, December 2,* 1942.

"Then, whatever projects there may exist now, the historic destiny of our era will be settled, either according to the barbarous formula of bolshevist totalitarianism, or according to the spiritual, patriotic formula Spain offers us, or according to any other formula of the fascist nations."—*Franco to the Falangist Party Council, December* 8, 1942.

". . . God, a cause never better served than under our régime . . ."—*Franco on the same occasion.*

THERE are a number of reasons for singling out the above three passages from two recent speeches. Some of these reasons will seem so obvious that they scarcely need elaboration. Nor would it be particularly good grace on our part to elaborate the most obvious of all.

But there are implications in General Franco's speech which do seem to us to call for a certain amount of analysis. In the second quotation above he makes it fairly clear that he believes the world must face a choice between communism and some form of what he calls falangism, and what the "other" fascist powers may name as they like. The only nation not included specifically in Franco's historical exegesis is Japan. Perhaps the purity of Japanese doctrine still leaves something to be desired.

Divesting Franco's words of their glory and exultation (of which we have also given one specimen), what in fact would this absolute choice mean for the future? On the one hand we have the communism which Franco and a great many of the rest of us hate. Its record is one of bloody murder, pure Machiavellianism, both in internal and external policies, a considerable material achievement in the industrial development of a relatively backward and potentially very rich country, and, now, an unparalleled exhibition of selfless heroism in reaction against a foreign invader. The record, especially of recent months, has its glories. It also has its horrors. (Deliberately religion is being left out of this analysis and the analysis to follow.)

On the other hand we have the formulae of "the fascist nations" which must be safeguarded, we are told, against all comers. What does the record show on this other horn of the dilemma?

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It began with castor oil and beating people up on the streets. It continued with exile, with murder, with hired assassination, with imperialist aggression, with concentration camps and racial persecution and the breaking of treaties and torture and mass executions and the destruction by bombing of "open cities." It continues now with the ruthless forced migrations of whole peoples, with the separation of families, and with scores of other violations of human dignity hinted if not proved. This régime has also had its successes. It has done away with unemployment, and substituted starvation and malnutrition for the dole. It has won great battles and crushed great armies. It has made the blueprints for a "United States of Europe."

Thus stripped of both their rhetorics, communism and fascism, if they be true alternatives, persuade us of nothing except despair. If our choice must lie between thse things, then we are tempted sorely to be Manicheans, to deny that there is any good whatever in nature, and particularly in human nature. We must flee into the mountains and seek to live as hermits, or to die as martyrs.

But such despair is not only against Christian faith, it is against common sense. We refuse to be impaled upon so crude an alternative. There are always sin and wrong and error, but there are also goodness and nobility and truth. Rhetoric must not be allowed to do away with either side of the coin. The "historic destiny of our era will be settled" as Providence dictates, but that does not mean we should be idle. We cannot face Franco's alternative without blanching; we must prove it, ourselves, to be a false alternative. If we do so, we can at least feel that God's cause has been somewhat served, without using comparatives or superlatives which no man has a right to utter.

Indisputable War Aim

THE EVIDENCE seems inescapable that the nazis are executing vast numbers of the Jews and that they have embarked upon a policy of complete extermination. Poland, where many of the victims have been herded, is the scene of much of this mass killing. How explain this unexampled, unrelenting ferocity? It can hardly be from fear of the Jews, for they comprise a small minority compared with the hordes of Russians, Czechs, Poles, Scandinavians, French and others whose feeling against the Germans ever seethes at the boiling point, awaiting only the day of deliverance and bloody retribution. Extermination of the Jews will merely make the final vengeance wreaked upon the Germans by their maddened subject peoples all the more terrible. No one can satisfactorily explain the sadism of it. And no one has yet brought forward an effective means of halting this ruthless slaughter of the innocent. It is carried on by men who for the present are physically and spiritually beyond our reach.

Yet in their darkest hours the European Jews are making some provision for the future of their people the world over. Their sufferings are inscribing an imperishable mark on the conscience of Western man. Henceforth no peace aims will be acceptable that do not provide a serious solution for the centuries-old Jewish problem. Whatever formula is adopted, the Jew must have a political status in every country equal to that of any other resident; he must have the opportunity of earning his bread in any occupation; he must be free to travel without let or hindrance. We single out the Jew because he is the most harried, most persecuted, most set upon of all. But we hereby state that the coming peace will be neither just nor lasting unless the national, racial and other barriers to travel, immigration, settlement the world over go down.

Ten Ring Circus

WHY TEN? Any large number would do just as well. . . . We have to hand it to them. The NAM put on a swell show at their recent War Congress of American Industry. They definitely proved, and got some big New Dealers to help provide the evidence, that there is plenty of life in the old girl yet. One cannot, however, say that she is *toujours gai*. The outgoing president, Mr. W. P. Witherow, is worried about our boys coming back to a different America. Mr. Henry J. (Dynamic) Kaiser is worried for fear maybe they will come back to the same America. Mr. Witherow doesn't want any "people's revolution." He admires "beyond expression" the stand the Russians have made. But he loves free enterprise with a love that comes very close to exceeding all understanding. Mr. Kaiser does not hesitate to talk about "the special privileges or the unwarranted advantages of the past," nor does he shudder at the phrase "tyranny of wealth." Between him and Mr. Witherow you have the spread of what you can expect from the free initiative of American industrial enterprise.

The real circus, however, was supplied by big shots from Washington. There were so many of them they crowded each other off the front page. General big-army Marshall, Messrs. price-fixer Henderson, speed-it-up Nelson, pretty-good Knox, not-so-good Maas, arm-the-French Eberstadt, the-end-is-not-in-sight Forrestal, fetch-and-carry McNutt. Our ubiquitous ex-President (General Foods' C. M. Chester said the fact that his "judgment and experience have not been made available to the nation in this emergency is a national calamity"; after all, it has given him time to write a book) Mr. Hoover told everybody involved what they should and should not do.

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Reading the columns and columns of fine print devoted to this world's greatest show leaves you a trifle breathless and confused. But from the whole performance one gets a grain of comfort and a grain of sorrow. The comfort is the testimony this shindig pays to our vitality and resilience; the sorrow is the thought that so many of the yet powerful long for the flesh pots and pride of a day which is gone.

Revolution VII

THE TROUBLE is that certain things sound cynical, but they have all the same to be said. For instance it is simply a fact that at one time in the very recent past all sorts of revolutionaries, including communists, seemed to us to be usefully our friends and of immense assistance to us in our war against our enemies in Europe. We were happy that communists were active in France, delighted at every sign of revolutionary activity in Italy, we wanted the workers of the world to unite against Mussolini, against Hitler, and we did not care if people put quotation marks before the word *workers,* after the word *unite.* We lived in an euphory of revolutionary appeals. We forgot about the National Association of Manufacturers, about the American Legion, about the American standard of living and the houses and suburban streets and the quiet farms, and we said that any man who rose against the tyrants had our admiration and support and, if our support came too late and our admiration could be voiced only before a blood-stained ditch, these heroes, we said, would live in our hearts, at least, and be justified by our action. We meant all that. A lot of us still mean all that. But then a lot of us are beginning to worry about what all that means.

It is simply a fact that in Africa it was not with the revolutionaries that we joined hands. As we near Europe it becomes simply a fact that there are other people, other groups, other interests with which we may speak—in France, in Italy, in Spain, in Germany, in Austria and in every country on the map of Europe. It becomes a fact that it may prove easier and more convenient to speak with the representatives of these interests. It becomes apparent that there can be found excuses for our talking with them, and not beyond the bounds of possibility that these men will be able to speak German words that are easy to translate into familiar American words, and Italian phrases spelled out with the aid of ABC words, such as anarchy, business and calm, such as avarice, betrayal and chaos. The international code books for bankers and business men, unless improbably equipped with a supplement, do not carry the vocabulary of revolution. It is not easy to talk with the revolutionaries: it is becoming more and more easy to talk with the upper classes.

The trouble is that we have not been on speaking terms with the kind of people who in Europe are angered, not only against Mussolini and Hitler, but against all who have accepted these two men and their systems and who for years have thrived and multiplied in the fascist states. Simply look at the White House, at the University of Virginia, at Main Street in Wichita, Kansas. Look at a cop. Listen to the rumor of the Elks. Take a ballot in the Rose Bowl. Talk with Mr. Murray, talk with Mr. Lewis, talk with Mr. Green. There is no question of theory; there is nothing deliberate: there is simply America, and the fact that in America neither businessmen, nor statesmen, nor labor leaders, nor any considerable number of workers can understand a revolutionary plan, or sympathize with revolutionary action. In America we live by peaceful process, we advance by concession and reform.

In talking to Europe and to the world it would have been wise to have taken into preliminary account this state of America. We have promised our support to revolutionary action in Europe, and it is not at all impossible that our support will be given instead to the conservatives of Europe. It is possible that the industrial structure of Europe may appear to us as something to be preserved rather than handed over to the workers; possibly we may find it advisable to talk with the de Wendels and the Krupps. Possibly the political structure which preserves a state of finance and industry and property not too dissimilar from our own may seem to us something to be preserved also. It is possible that Franco some day may seem less fascist if he recalls a King; fascism in Italy less fascist if it deposes a Duce; national socialism less abhorrent when simply the industrial and social régime of Germany; collaboration of all the countries of Europe with Germany all right once we have won the war. It is possible that we can win the war and hand over the peoples of Europe—with their freedom gone and their social hierarchies intact—to any collaboration their leaders may choose with Germany.

I do not say that this is what we are doing, and it is certainly not what we are planning deliberately to do. I say that it is possible, that such a disaster is possible, for the reason that in America we have not suffered under fascism and therefore cannot feel an entire solidarity with people who, because they have suffered in this particular way, seek a revolutionary solution, and can seek nothing less. And I say this also. If such a betrayal takes place, it will be for the convenience of the dominant classes in America and abroad.

There is a little plan, a dirty little plan, to spread the word that any concession to conservative Frenchmen, Spaniards, Italians, Austrians (and to Otto) will be made to the Catholic Church, and to American Catholic opinion. That plan will not work. C. G. PAULDING.

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Weep No More My Lady

By **Jesse Stuart**

"TOMORROW will be a bad day to have the funeralizing," I said as I put more wood on the fire.

"How do you know that it will be a bad day?" Ma asked.

"Look how the smoke is blowing toward the ground," I said. "Last night, there was a ring around the moon. The mules have played in the barnlot all day. These are sure signs of fallen weather."

"Yes, I know, Eif," Ma said as she started churning.

"Pa's been dead seven years now," I said. "I don't see any use having his funeral preached every year. It brings back old memories. And it brings back old griefs."

"I know it brings back things that you children would as leave forget," Ma said, sopping milk from the churn that the dash had sprayed through the churn-lid hole. "But I want you to know that your Pa was a Mountain-Baptist. And if we didn't have the funeral preached every year, he'd turn over in his grave."

"You don't want me to norrate to the people that we won't have the funeralizing tomorrow," I said.

"Regardless of weather we'll have the funeralizing tomorrow," Ma said as she sopped more milk from the churn-lid with her index finger.

I felt bad about it. I'd talked to my brothers and my sisters and they felt bad about it. They wanted me to talk to Ma and see if I couldn't get her to stave off the funeralizing until next year. They thought since I was the oldest child that Ma would listen to me. The reason we felt so bad about it was, Ma had married again. We wondered what Jason would think of the funeralizing since he wasn't a Mountain-Baptist. We knew how Brother Cyrus W. Seagraves would preach about what a good man Pa was.

That evening after the work was done, Jason hurried to bed. I could tell that he was worried. He'd never been to a funeralizing. And tomorrow he'd hear about what a good man Pa had been. I wondered how Jason would take it. Since he'd been married to Ma, he'd been like a father to Pa's children. He just wasn't a Mountain-Baptist like Pa was. He was a Free-Will Baptist.

When I went to bed that night, I laid and thought a long time about what would happen at the funeralizing. I couldn't get it off my mind. I heard the lonesome winter winds howl over the house. It reminded me of the lonesome day when we buried Pa. I thought about the deep snow and how we had to haul Pa on a sled with our surest-footed mule to the top of the mountain. Pa got a token that he was going to die; he chose the place where he wanted to be buried and cleared a place in the thicket a week before he died. Then Pa went to the barn and made his own coffin out'n seasoned boards that he'd kept ten years in the barnloft for that purpose. He always kept seasoned lumber so if one of us died he wouldn't have to split a green tree to make a coffin.

Next morning it was just as I told Ma it would be. We had had fallen weather and plenty of it. It was a snow that was as deep on the ground as it was the day we buried Pa. Everything was buried in snow. The snow was over a tall man's knees.

"Just like the day we buried Dave," Ma wept at the breakfast table as she supped her coffee from the saucer. "It brings back the day seven years ago that I'll never forget."

Jason didn't say a word. He supped his coffee and got up from the table. He went to the barn to feed and milk.

"I wouldn't weep so, Ma," Sister Effie said. "Pa's dead and gone now."

"He's dead but he's not gone," Ma sobbed. "Mountain-Baptists never go. Dave is with me still."

Eustacia and Lucretia didn't say a word.

"Do you suppose anybody will be here on a day like this?" Brother Tim asked.

"There'll be a lot of people here," Ma said. "You remember how full the house was on the day we laid poor Dave under the ground. So many here and the day so cold part of the men had to go to the barn and stay."

"I remember it," Brother Prince said.

"There'll be just as many here today," Ma sobbed. "All of the people that came to his funeral seven years ago will be here today. All but the ones that have died and time has disabled. If any Mountain-Baptist is able, he'll be here. This is a place where the Mountain-Baptists rule. Not the Free-Willers."

I got up and left the table. I thought I'd better help Jason with the work. I didn't want to sit around the table where Ma was weeping about the past. I loved my father. But I didn't want to hear Ma going on about him as if he had just died.

"I'll tell you the Mountain-Baptists are funny people," Jason said. "I don't have nothing against anybody's religion. Let people belong to the church they like best. I can't understand the Mountain-Baptist."

"It's the only church I've ever known, Jason," I said.

"Your mother ast me what I was," Jason said. "I told her I was a Baptist. Right then she said she loved me. I guess she thought I was a Mountain-Baptist. But I was a Free-Willer. We don't have these funeralizings."

"If you're a Free-Willer you're a son of Satan among the Mountain-Baptists," I said.

"I've found that out," Jason said.

I looked at Jason as he blew his warm breath on his knuckles so he could get his fingers limber enough to milk the cows. Jason was a good looking man. He was a better looking man than Pa was. Ma had done well to marry Jason. He'd never been married before. He was tall, blue-eyed with hair black as a crow's wing and not a gray hair in his head. There was not a line in his smooth face. I don't know why he wanted to marry Ma and try to help her raise seven children when he could have married a younger woman.

Just as we had finished doing the work, people started coming to the funeralizing. They waded through the deep

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snow. Men with felt-arctics and high-topped boots walked in front and broke paths through the drifts so the women and children could come. They carried song books and Bibles. I never saw such crowds of people. Everybody came that wasn't sick, too young or too old to wade through the deep snow. Jason just had time to get dressed in his best clothes for the day. The house was jammed full of people. All were in the front room but my sisters. They were getting dinner for the people. The people were shaking hands with Ma. They were making things worse for Ma when they spoke about the big snow on the ground seven years ago. Ma was weeping and shaking hands with all the people.

* * *

Jason acted funny when he got among the crowd of Mountain-Baptists. He acted like a sheep that was in the wrong pasture. Jason tried to pretend that he was at home with them. He shook hands with Brother Cyrus W. Seagraves. Brother Cyrus talked to Jason for a few minutes before he announced that services would begin at nine o'clock. Brother Cyrus told us that we were late getting started.

The old people got all the chairs we had. The next oldest sat on the sides of the beds. The young people sat on the floor or stood and leaned against the wall. The front room was full of people; doors that led to the kitchen, dining room, and the other three rooms were opened so the heat would go in from the big fireplace. And these rooms were filled with people. They were all filled but the kitchen and the front part of the kitchen was full.

Jason had his chair pulled up beside of Ma's chair. But around Ma and Jason were many of the old Mountain-Baptists. The men had long gray hair, beards on their faces and big horns of mustaches. Jason's face was clean-shaved. They would lean over and whisper to Ma and cup their hands over their ears to get Ma's answer when she whispered loud enough to them so everybody could hear. There were enough people gathered close to Ma and Jason to smother them. I noticed that Jason's face was getting pale already.

"Before we really begin this service for a departed Brother," Brother Cyrus said in a strong high-pitched voice, "we had better 'fellowship.' Now if any of you Brothers and Sisters know of anybody that you have anything against—if one of your Brethern or Sisters has wronged you—get up and tell us about it here. If anyone confesses he has wronged somebody, then we will 'Church' that person. He will no longer be a Mountain-Baptist."

There was silence in the rooms. Not a person spoke. No one had wronged another. Brother Cyrus stood before them and waited.

"Then all is well among the Brothers and Sisters," Brother Cyrus said. "Now do any of you know of a Brother or a Sister who has been to a street fair, a circus, a picture show, a gambling jint? If you do, speak up and tell it here. If you do know and don't tell it, then that sin will be chalked against you in the Lamb's Book of Life."

There was silence in the crowd. Not a person made a sound.

How can anybody see a picture show that lives this far back, I thought while there was silence in the crowd. How can one see a circus back among these hills where there has never been a circus? Where is there a town big enough for a street carnival to come? I didn't know about the gambling jints.

"It's mighty fine, children," Brother Cyrus said as he stood in the middle of the room with his Bible in his hand. His head nearly touched the joists in our house. His big hand covered both sides of the Bible he held. His black pants bagged at the knees; drops of snow-melted water stood over his long black coat. Ice-melted water dripped from the long horns of his white mustache.

"It's a wonderful world when men can leave other men's wives alone," Brother Cyrus said. "It's wonderful when they put the worldly things behind. Wonderful when they can come together to iron out their troubles in good Mountain-Baptist fellowshipping."

I looked at Jason. His face was getting red. He twisted in the chair where he sat beside of Ma. The people around Ma were still whispering to her. I guess Jason heard what they were saying. And I know that they were speaking about Pa. They were talking about what had happened seven years ago.

"Now let us sing that good old fellowshipping song, *'Leaning on the Everlasting Arms,'*" Brother Cyrus said. "Sister Ebbie, you read while we sing. Brother Amos will play for us."

Brother Amos Ratcliff sat in a chair in the middle of the front room. The crowd pushed back to give him room to work his arms and room for his long guitar. Brother Amos had little hands, slim fingers and a long clouded face. He started plucking his guitar strings and moving his body and patting his feet. Sister Ebbie Patton read the stanza:

> What a fellowship, what a joy divine,
> Leaning on the everlasting arms;
> What a blessedness, what a peace is mine,
> Leaning on the everlasting arms.

Now Sister Ebbie's voice led the singing of what she had read. Everybody started singing in a high-pitched voice to the accompaniment of the wailing guitar. Brother Amos sat with the guitar in his lap and plucked the strings with his long fingers while with the other hand he held his pocket-knife with the back-side of the big blade open and corded the strings on the long, battered guitar neck. He pushed the knife-blade up and down the strings to make the guitar wail. There was enough sound in our house to jar the pictures from the walls. I saw some of the small children sitting on the floor put their hands over their ears for the sound was deafening.

Soon as the words that Sister Ebbie had read were sung, the singing and the music died until Sister Ebbie read again:

> Leaning, leaning, safe and secure from all alarms;
> Leaning, leaning, leaning, on the everlasting arms.

Then everybody sang again to the wail of the guitar.

Soon as they had finished singing the chorus, I looked at Ma and Jason. Jason's face was red as a turkey's snout; he acted like a chicken with the gaps. I knew that Jason couldn't stand it much longer; neither could Ma the way she was taking on. I knew that she was going to have another sinking spell.

When Sister Ebbie started reading:

> Oh, how sweet to walk in this Pilgrim way,
> Leaning on the everlasting arms;
> Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
> Leaning on the everlasting arms.

I slipped out from the crowded house and walked the path to the cellar. I was needing something to revive me and I got it in the cellar. As I walked back carrying a gallon jug, my path had grown brighter in twenty minutes.

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The wailing guitar and the singing in the house sounded much better. When I got inside, I saw Ma's face was getting white.

"She's having a sinking spell," Martha Hailey said, holding to Ma's hand. "Her hand's getting cold."

The singing stopped. I rushed over to Ma. I put the jug to her lips. And she drank. In a few minutes her eyes opened and color came to her face. Then I turned to Jason.

"I believe you're having a sinking spell too," I said. "Looks like something is wrong."

I put the jug to his lips and he drank like he was thirsty. I knew that this funeralizing was more than Jason could bear. I put the jug to his lips the second time he drank; I put it to his lips the third time and he just sipped a little. Then I saw color come to his face. I passed the jug around to the people that felt loggy. Most all of the men and many of the women drank and they felt much better. Now everybody sang. It was a different service altogether.

* * *

At eleven-thirty dinner was ready. Grub was stacked on the table and the people just walked into the kitchen and helped themselves. Ma wasn't weeping so much now. Her face looked brighter. Jason wasn't trying to get away from Ma. He was holding her arm and leading her around. He was waiting on Ma more than I had ever seen him. And even now the Mountain-Baptists were making him feel quite at home. He was getting right into the spirit of the funeralizing. He wasn't thinking so much about what Brother Cyrus was saying about Pa and what all the people were whispering in Ma's ears about what had happened seven years ago.

There wasn't room around the table for everybody, so no one sat down at the table. The people loaded their plates, found a place to sit down to eat. Many stood up and ate. Many refilled their plates three times. I'll tell you it took a lot of grub to feed as many people as we had in our house. When dinner was over, everything had been cleaned up until there wasn't enough scraps left for our two hounds. But everybody would need food now. The hardest part of the day was yet to come. We had to get up on the mountain where Pa was buried. We had to go and stand by his grave and sing again. And it was beside his grave that Brother Cyrus would have to preach his long sermon.

Strong young men led the way breaking the path through the snow. And the old people and the women folks followed up the snow-broken path. I went along and carried another full gallon of spirits. I thought there might be more sinking spells. Somebody might get too cold and need warming. I'll tell you it was hard to climb to the top of the mountain. But we made it. The young boys and girls helped the old men and women up the path. Sometimes a whole bunch would go down in the snow together but they'd get up one by one and brush the snow from one another. Finally we reached Pa's grave. It was snowed under, but there was a mound of snow above it. We stood around this mound of snow while Brother Amos sat on his haunches and strummed his guitar. Sister Ebbie read the words:

> From Greenland's icy mountains,
> From India's cor-al strand,
> Where Afric's sunny fountains,
> Roll down their golden sand;
> From many an ancient river,
> From many a palmy plain,
> They call us to deliver
> Their land from error's chain.

Now to the tune of the wailing guitar and the lonesome wind high on this mountain, everybody sang. Brother Cyrus stood in front of the crowd and lifted his hands high, holding his Bible in one hand. His great voice roared louder than the wind. Brother Amos's hands trembled for they were thin and long and the cold wind chilled them. After we sang this verse, I offered Brother Amos spirits to warm him. And he drank freely.

Then Sister Ebbie read:

> What though the spicy breezes
> Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
> Though ev-'ry prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile:
> In vain with lavish kindness
> The gifts of God are strown;
> The heathen in his blindness
> Bows down to wood and stone!

Before we had finished singing these words, I had to give the people spirits. I didn't have to give Jason any more. Sweat had broke from his face in white drops that stood like white soup-beans over his face. Ma wasn't weeping now. She held to Jason's arm as they stood together on the steep snow-bank. She was looking at the mound of snow. I guess she was thinking about how time had changed everything. Soon as Sister Ebbie had finished reading and we'd finished singing *From Greenland's Icy Mountains,* Brother Tobbie Lennix prayed a long prayer.

Then Brother Cyrus started his long sermon. He preached about Pa from the time he was a small boy riding a mule to the water-mill barefooted with a turn of corn to grind for meal. He took Pa all through his young days, what a sinner he was then and how he finally knelt at the altar where Brother Cyrus was still a young preacher. Then he preached about the change that had come over Pa, how he married Ma, a pretty young girl of seventeen summers from Beaver Branch. He preached about how they had replenished the earth with seven fine children, all saved but one, and that was me, and how they had earned a living by the sweat from their brows on the steep rocky mountain slopes. But he didn't leave me out there. I had helped dig the living from the earth too. Then he brought Pa's life up to the day of his death. He spoke of what a powerful man Pa was when he worked in the fields or when he worked for the Lord.

As Brother Cyrus continued his sermon, I passed the spirits to the old men and women whose lips were getting blue and whose teeth chattered when the icy winds blew, not from Greenland's icy mountains, but from Kentucky's rugged hills. And when they drank the warm spirits from the jug, they were revived. I know that some of the people at this funeralizing would have passed out if I hadn't taken something along. Brother Amos had kept his fingers limber so he could pick the guitar. But the cold didn't freeze Sister Ebbie's voice. She could still sing like a lark and she wouldn't drink. Brother Cyrus didn't need anything for he preached so hard that he was sweating.

Jason stood it well until the close of Brother Cyrus's sermon, when he preached that no man could ever take the place of the man that was buried seven years ago beneath this snow. He said that it was impossible to find a man to fill his shoes, to run his farm and all of that. And when he said these words, Jason almost wilted, though he had been getting pretty well into the spirit of a Mountain-Baptist funeralizing. When I saw that Jason

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was hurt, I went over and handed him more spirits. He drank freely from the jug. Soon he was himself again. I gave Ma more spirits for I didn't want her to have a sinking spell and have to carry her down the steep hill from Pa's grave. It had taken Brother Cyrus nearly four hours to finish his sermon.

"Now, Sister Ebbie, sing the greatest song ever written," Brother Cyrus said.

Though all of us knew this song by heart for we had heard it since we were old enough to listen to anything, Sister Ebbie read the words and we sang them for it was in accordance with our church.

> Amazing grace, how sweet the sound!
> That saved a wretch like me;
> I once was lost, but now I'm found,
> Was blind, but now I see.

There was a lot of weeping when we sang this song to the wail of the lonesome winter wind that swept through the leafless tree-tops in this mountain top. It was a sad song to all of us for it had been sung at so many funeralizings. Even Jason shed tears. Ma started weeping again when we reached the last stanza.

> When we've been there ten thousand years,
> Bright shining as the sun;
> We've no less days to sing God's praise
> Than when we first begun.

Now the funeralizing was over. I hated to see Ma weeping. But Jason was weeping with her. I didn't mind seeing them weep together. Many were cold as we left the hill. I gave Ma and Jason another sup of spirits and they felt better. I passed the jug until it was emptied.

There was a lot of handshaking and slapping each other on the back. Everybody tried to talk and everybody was happy in fellowship and human love. As the short winter day was coming to a close and trains of crows flew above our heads going to a pine-grove on a mountain crest to roost, we formed a chain of fellowship, holding each other's hand to get back safe down the steep mountain side. And two of the strongest links in this chain of fellowship, I believe, were Ma and Jason.

French African Manpower

Some of the men and what they can do.

By J. Paar-Cabrera

THE TERRITORIES of Northern and Western French Africa are inhabited by some 31,000,000 natives, many of them warlike. Moreover, the conscription system has been in vigor since before the First World War in Algeria, Tunisia and Senegal. As potential effectives against the Axis there are the three hundred odd thousand soldiers—active duty and first line reserves—of the French Army in Northern and Western Africa and an additional six hundred thousand natives of military age with training.

The first units of Senegalese *tirailleurs* were mustered, drilled and led in combat by officers of the Colonial infantry, which was, in its turn, a branch of the French Marines. Hence the Senegalese tirailleurs are still under the jurisdiction of the French Navy Department. Tradition being strictly respected in the French military system, this may explain why the prevalently Senegalese tirailleur garrison of Dakar resisted General de Gaulle, was not the object of an appeal by General Giraud and obeyed the order to line up behind the American armed forces in the service of the Allied cause sent to them by Admiral Darlan—with wholehearted enthusiasm because America is loved and respected in French Africa.

The Senegalese soldiers proper belong generally to the Auloff and Sereres tribes. They are tall and muscular Negroes who think that they are as good as any white man, and better than most. They have a disconcerting habit of criticizing and answering back roughly, but they are convinced that they are Frenchmen first and Senegalese next, and are faithful unto death to their officers in war. Senegalese are not as enduring as Algerians or as fearless as Moroccans. They are excellent hand-grenade throwers, poor marksmen with rifles, run-of-the-mill machine gunners. Very dangerous for the enemy when the combat runs in their favor, they rally easily after a minor setback, but may become dispirited and passive if they become convinced that the odds are hopelessly stacked against them. From such a funk they may be snapped by officers able to crack jokes in crucial moments, or by officers who take long chances when the going is particularly tough.

The Senegalese form of worship is a mixture of Mohammedanism and idolatry. It has been of real assistance to French colonial leaders. Thus the late Marshal Lyautey could send Senegalese tirailleurs against the worst opposition confident that they would smash through, because Senegalese superstitution held that he had the "Baraka," or gift of invulnerability and success. The late General Mangin could do what he wanted with Senegalese tirailleurs because of their belief that he had the power of putting the evil eye on whoever met his displeasure.

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But in many instances, sheer enthusiasm and not superstition has enabled the Senegalese tirailleurs to turn apparent defeat into victory. In the war of the Riff some badly beaten Senegalese battalions rallied and seized the enemy positions in a surge of martial spirit when their officers suddenly intoned their corps anthem, which is that of the old Infanterie de Marine, and which does not mention the Senegalese at all. Such an anthem, to a pleasant but not martial tune, begins with the words: *"Pour faire un soldat de marine il faut avoir dans sa poitrine l'âme d'un matelot et celle d'un soldat"* or, to become a marine infantryman one must have in his breast the soul of a sailor and that of a soldier, etc. Actually the Senegalese tirailleurs include Negro levies from Southeastern Mauritania, the Upper Volta, the basin of the Niger River, etc.

Regular Troops

Numerically superior to the Senegalese are the regular troops, classes of reservists and partially trained men of military age of Algeria and Tunisia, who are mostly so-called Sabir and Ksour—or town and village—Arabi of Berber-Semitic stock, Berbers and sons of white colonists. The Algerian Arabs, gifted with tremendous endurance, can cover marches of fifty or sixty miles with full loaded packs, resting a few minutes every couple of hours or so, and go into battle immediately after fresh as daisies. However, although not easily frightened they prefer to avoid death and wounds if they can help it. Consequently they need firm supervision and prodding under fire.

The Tunisian Arabs have, to a minor extent, all the good qualities of the Algerian Arabs, all their faults, and are besides inordinately lazy. They respond, however, to enlightened action of command.

The Algerian Berbers—those from Kabylia especially—make steady, brave and reliable soldiers. They are exceptionally hard-working and tough because of the strenuous run of life of their communities. Kabyles are mostly light-complexioned—many of them have blue or grey eyes, and light brown or reddish beards—they are strong and tireless workers, who exploit their lands to the limit and live in houses of sun-hardened clay with an appearance of soft dough.

In Kabylia hard wood is scarce, and white ants abundant. Consequently instead of chairs, tables and beds, the Kabylian houses are equipped with big slabs of hardened clay jutting from the foot of each wall which have an eerie appearance of sarcophagi. The Kabylian house supplies—enormous clay jars where are stored grains, dried fruit or olive oil, the pottery, the wick lamps—are shaped like the domestic implements used along the shores of the Mediterranean Sea long before Rome was built.

Before the present war it was customary for Kabylian young men to go to work as laborers and longshoremen in France during the winter. Back in Kabylia in the spring with their hoarded savings they oftened squandered them in prolonged banqueting or gambling. Kabylian moneylenders look like beggars, and carry often millions of francs in currency in their money belts fastened under their gandourahs or tunics. They lend by the week—the loan not repaid on the appointed day becomes double, after an additional week quadruple—and so on. There have been cases when an original loan of ten francs has eventually placed in the power of the usurer the house, the land and the livestock of the debtor. The French efforts to eliminate the evil of usury in Kabylia have made little headway against the ingrained power of age-old custom and the Kabyla secretiveness.

The Kabyles know how to manufacture crude rifles and black gunpowder. Therefore the practice of the Baroud cannot be eradicated among them. The Baroud, meaning literally powder, is a feud into which are dragged the male relations and friends of the contending parties. Whenever the French authorities don't interfere quickly, it degenerates into pitched battles with plenty of casualties. These are the reasons proving that the Kabyle mental quotient is inferior to the Kabyle stamina—which explains why military duty and even war are easier on Kabyles than their strenuous tribal way of living. Usury and the Baroud are the curses of Kabylia.

The Moroccans

The six million inhabitants of Morocco are under the nominal rule of the Sultan, and the effective one of the local French administration which has mustered several battalions of Moroccan tirailleurs, Moroccan artillery, Moroccan Spahis, etc. These Moroccan troops are a headache for their commanding officers in peace, and their delight in war because the Moroccan has an anarchic turn of mind and does not take well to garrison discipline; but he instinctively knows what to do at every turn in a combat. He must be stopped from removing the sights from his rifle because he thinks "they are in the way." But, even with a sightless gun he has such keen eyes, steady hands and steel nerves that he seldom misses his mark at less than a thousand yards. Mechanically inclined, he handles machine guns, flame throwers and trench mortars well. He's an efficient handgrenade thrower, and he invariably senses where the enemy will launch their main attack, and which points of the enemy array are liable to prove weakest.

On top of that, the Moroccan is only stopped by death on the attack. In defense, he never knows when he is licked. Marshal Foch used to say:

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"Whenever a situation becomes desperate, send up the Moors." The Moroccan tribes are basically Berber, but not ethnically uniform. The Eastern Riffs are very fair—ruddy, with blue or grey eyes and red beards for the greater part. The Western Riffs are partly Arabs, and darker-complexioned. The Chleus, who stubbornly resisted the French until 1934, present a mixture of both types. The remainder of the Moroccan tribesmen are of prevalently Berber stock—like the Riffs in bodily shape, but with darker beards as a rule.

In the past the Moroccan Sultan imported great numbers of Negro mercenaries. After the breakdown of the Sultan's authority in the interior, these Negroes settled as sub-tribes of various Moroccan confederations of tribes. Thus the very fair Beni Amart, Beni Urriaghel and Beni Tuzin include several all-Berber sub-tribes, and a lesser number of Negro auxiliary tribes, who fight at their side if the need arises but who are not allowed to intermarry with them.

The Moroccan community is essentially agricultural and pastoral. It recognizes local written laws, has a nominal chief without much authority, a council of elders endowed with advisory rather than law-enforcing powers. The Moroccan hillmen didn't exactly welcome the advent of the French, but they dislike the Germans even more, because their turn of mind is the opposite of the German one, and because the battalions of the Foreign Legion, which made up the backbone of the troops who broke their resistance, were composed mostly of German soldiers and non-coms under French officers, and under foreign officers of all nationalities. On the other hand, the Moroccans who have been in the United States have returned to their native hills with glowing tales of American wonders and generosity. So that actually America is the Kumi nation most popular and respected in Morocco.

Christmas—1942

We, yes, unhappy, happy men today will seek
The joy that Bethlehem reveals;
And we, whose flames and steels
Are massed in might to free or slave the weak,
Will come, bow and adore
With beasts upon the quick-swept stable floor.

And when we kneel—the black, the brown, the white—
Pray God we know
What pride has lured us low.
We, low begun in slime to compass Light,
Not only in this flesh betray
The Word Made-Flesh but in that stubborn wrong
Against the echoing Christmas angels' song—
"Good will! Good will!"

O good! O free! What day
Will see the goodness and the freedom one?
Will know man's earthly peace
Is not a vested lease?
What day will meetly greet the new-born Son
Of Man, with joy and praise
First heralded by Gabriel and taught
To man by choirs which yet besought
Good will, good will?

Cry up, O men, the ways
Of Love and Meekness merged
Which Lucifer, unpurged
In pride, refused and marked for Eve awry.
Cry up the hope of God,
The root of Jesse's rod;
O let us not, in common sin, deny
The victory of Mary's heel!
All, brothers, all, O let us kneel
Adore, implore the Child to gird our minds,
To steel our hearts for joy or grief,
Safe in our sure belief
That we may earn that holy peace which binds—
The peace of stratagem
Sung low above the roofs and hills of Bethlehem.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

ONCE AGAIN, this department has profited by a confession of ignorance, and has been enlightened. From more than one reader of the column, but in particular from a member of the community of Holy Ghost Fathers at Ferndale, Norwalk, Connecticut, I have received much information about Fatima, the "Lourdes of Portugal," and the apparition there of the Blessed Virgin Mary. In my article in the November 27 issue of THE COMMONWEAL, I had written that both the place and the event celebrated there had been entirely unknown to me until I read news despatches concerning the anniversary celebrations, including a broadcast to the people of Portugal, and the faithful in general, by the Pope. As this column is being prepared on the eve of the great Feast of the Immaculate Conception of our Lady, it seems a fitting time to sketch for the benefit of any of my readers who have shared my own ignorance about Fatima the wonderful story which has been communicated to me by the helpful Holy Ghost priest at Ferndale. He, in turn, derived his knowledge from a pamphlet written in French by the Reverend J. Castelblanco, C.S. Sp., who formerly taught in the college of the Holy Ghost Fathers in Portugal.

As at Lourdes, it was to a young girl, Lucy, not otherwised named in the passages from Father Castelblanco's booklet sent to me from Ferndale—although, no doubt, in the voluminous and authoritative literature which, it appears, has grown up around this subject, all such data is supplied—to whom the Virgin appeared. It was on the thirteenth of May, 1917, on the outskirts of Fatima, a

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small village near the heart of Potrugal, some eighty miles north of Lisbon, where Lucy and two cousins, a boy and girl, brother and sister, were tending sheep. "All were illiterate but had learned their prayers and received instructions in the catechism." At midday, from a cloudless sky, there was a flash of lightning. The children were alarmed, and rounding up their sheep started for home. A second and still more dazzling flash arrested them, and as they stopped and stared into the sky, they beheld a Lady "more brilliant than the sun." And they heard a voice: "Do not be afraid, I shall do you no harm." Lucy plucked up courage to ask: "Who are you?" The Lady answered: "I am from heaven." And again Lucy made bold to question: "What did you come here for?" The reply was definite: "To ask you to come here on the thirteenth of six successive months, at this hour. In October, I shall tell you who I am and what I want." And then, before the vision disappeared, the voice added: "My children, continue always to recite the beads with devotion."

From this point onward the details of the story are too numerous to be given in full in this restricted space. Some of the features of the tale resemble those of the story of Bernadette at Lourdes, especially the incredulity and trouble aroused in Lucy's family, while others, especially the phenomena accompanying the visions, "signs in the sky, globes of fire," and the like, seen as the events proceeded by great numbers, are markedly different. On the second visit paid by the children to the spot where the vision first appeared, about sixty curious persons went along. On later visits, great crowds assembled. In August "sudden lightning was seen by all." In September, the Vicar General of the diocese was among the immense throng, numbering many thousands. "The crowds were praying," he afterward wrote. "Suddenly there was a cry of joy. Thousands rose and pointing to a spot in the sky, cried: 'Behold, she comes!' . . . I looked in the said direction . . . and I distinctly saw a globe of fire advancing from the East." It was on this occasion that the little clairvoyant, Lucy, was instructed by the Voice to bid the people to say the rosary "to obtain the end of the war"—the first world war, in which Portugal was fighting on the side of the allies against Germany. On October thirteenth, "day of the great miracle," when persistent rain suddenly stopped as the vision appeared to the children, all present during "about twelve minutes" witnessed "a wonderful and glorious spectacle. The clouds parted and against the blue background of the sky they saw the sun, now become a globe of silver which their eyes could look at without suffering harm. Then they saw it tremble and it began to turn with a vertiginous speed, like a wheel with a fiery rim, casting in all directions broad, many-colored beams of light which gave a fantastic appearance to the clouds, the rocks and the trees. . . ." For a distance of several miles, it is said, the spectacle was apparent. Those on the scene, at first, were terrified when the silver sun appeared to detach itself from the sky and rush toward the ground. "Cries were heard in all directions of 'I believe in God!' but more often: 'May God have mercy!' But those who were drenched a moment before . . . found their clothes were now perfectly dry . . . a kind attention of Our Lady!"

A canonical process of investigation opened in May, 1922, and the committee made its report April 14, 1929. Six months later, Bishop Da Silva, in whose diocese Fatima is situated, published a pastoral letter in which he approved of the "veneration of Our Lady of Fatima," considering that the visions "were worthy of belief." Afterwards, the annual pilgrimages to Fatima brought hundreds of thousands of visitors. Pius XI, in 1930, after personally reading the documents in the case, granted indulgences to the pilgrims, and blessed the statue of Our Lady of Fatmia for the Portuguese Seminary in Rome. What the after story of Lucy, and the two other children, may have been, I do not know, but that what was vouchsafed to these little ones was intended for all the human family is made clear by the official action of the Church. My Ferndale correspondent, in his note accompanying the extracts from the booklet, remarks that he has failed to find in the literature concerning Fatima "any prophecy concerning *this* war," although such a connection was more than hinted at in the NCWC despatch which caused my original comment. But is it not very evident that the first world war never ceased? That the "armistice" of 1918 was precisely that, a pause, and not the end of the world catastrophe? Did not the original struggle continue, under the surface of the false appearances of world peace, building up monstrous forces which again have broken loose in a continuation, but on a more gigantic scale, of the world war in the midst of which the Fatima vision appeared? Anyhow, the message brought to the children of Portugal, which in substance, it may perhaps be said, means that only by mankind turning in prayer to God shall we be delivered, still stands for us, to accept or reject, as the second chapter of the world war unfolds its grisly story. In keeping with the whole history of the development of the Catholic religion is the act of the present Pope in dedicating mankind to God through His Blessed Mother. We of the United States, dedicated as we are in a special way to Mary, may learn from Portugal in this matter.

Communications

REPORT FROM THE NORTH

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: It was a pleasure to read the editorial on French Canada by Mr. Binsse in the last number of THE COMMONWEAL. Unfortunately the critics of the Province of Quebec and those who are ignorant of her past history and present situation are often more vociferous than those who know her. Consequently in view of a recent attack on French Canada, Mr. Binsse's editorial was timely.

Perhaps, however, Mr. Binsse himself, in spite of his generally sympathetic attitude, has "widespread notions that need scotching." He says, speaking of the racial makeup of the French Canadians, that "there has been quite some Indian blood mixed in." In answer to this I should like to quote from the "Naissance d'une Race" by the Abbé L. Groulx. Speaking of the same subject he says: "Mgr. Tanguay, ce bénédictin de notre histoire, a pu

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compulser 2,226,232 actes de nos régistres. Là-dessus il a relevé 94 mariages entre des Français et des Indiennes dans l'espace de deux siècles, et quatre alliances exactement jusqu' à l'année 1665. Il y a plus: ces métis n'ont laissé parmi nous aucune descendance, leurs enfants étant tous morts avant la fin du dix-huitième siècle. Voilà sur cette affaire de métissage le dernier mot de la science irrécusable; il nous venge glorieusement." That the Indians of the West, as well as those of Quebec, have French blood is well known; that the French Candians have Indian blood is another matter, as Mgr. Tanguay's study shows.

Undoubtedly, compared to American educational standards, the schools of Quebec are "simon-pure classical." But it is difficult to believe that there is an "almost total neglect of science and technology." Rapid and encouraging progress has been made in the last decade, in spite of many handicaps. An indication of this is the recent congress of the Acfas (Association canadienne-française pour l'avancement des sciences) in Montreal. One cannot say with justice that science is almost totally neglected.

In spite of these inaccuracies, Mr. Binsse's article was very much to the point and should have accomplished some good in correcting current misconceptions.

HAROLD THOMPSON, C.S.V.

It is quite true that a number of French Canadian historians have tried to minimize or eliminate entirely any strain of Indian blood from the French Canadian "race." I do not believe this question can ever be settled to the satisfaction of everyone. I myself value specific family tradition, the presence of occasional facial traits and the known facts among other peoples similarly situated more than I do mere tabulations of parish records. It is entirely possible that at the time these records were made the clergy did not think it necessary to specify the "race" of both spouses, especially when both were "born" Catholics. The whole question is really somewhat beside the point; I believe the Abbé Groulx's convictions spring from a natural and proper reaction against a silly relegation of all French Canadians to the status of "half-breeds," which is merely a particularly nasty manifestation of English Canadian prejudice. I have every sympathy for his objecting to this sort of slur; but what really matters is that I see in French Canadians certain traits which are not French and which may have sprung from close contact if not intermarriage with the Indian. They are fine traits of which any nation may be proud.

There is at present a widespread and admirable reform in the matter of teaching science in the French Canadian higher schools (mostly in the "colleges" and universities). But this is a recent movement and its impact on the general population has as yet scarcely had time to be felt. It can have a great effect on Quebec's history. H. L. B.

CHRISTMAS FOR THE LEPERS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Today an America at war begins its preparations for the observance of the birth of the Prince of Peace, and despite the fact that thousands of the youth of our nation are engaged in military service, we are determined to make Christmas 1942 a memorable date.

One certain means to make this possible is remembrance of those whom the world would forget—the outcasts of humanity, the unfortunate lepers. With truly Christlike charity our priests and sisters are devoting themselves to their care, but they beg your assistance. Any donation, however large or small, will be gratefully received and forwarded by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith as part of the Lepers' Christmas Fund to those who need it.

RT. REV. THOMAS J. MCDONNELL,
National Director,
109 *East* 38 *Street.*

THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH

Northampton, Mass.

TO the Editors: Making due allowance for the fact that one man's play may be another man's poison, how *could* THE COMMONWEAL miss the boat so completely with respect to Thornton Wilder's new play, "The Skin of Our Teeth"?

In your issue of December 4, Mr. Vaughan gives an admirable report of what the play is about. Everything he says by way of general report squares ideally with the Catholic perspective on man down through the ages. Yet, in his final paragraph, Mr. Vaughan writes: "It lacks enchantment . . . it is too overt, too garish, too sensational in the literal sense. The reception of the audience was tepid."

If it lacked enchantment for the particular reviewer, fair enough. If it was too sensational for the particular reviewer, fair enough. But good reporting would certainly require THE COMMONWEAL to advise its readers that, by actual count of the critics and by actual comparison of box-office statements, the play is furnishing plenty of enchantment and plenty of excitement for many audiences. I counted 40 standees the night I went. Nothing tepid there.

Naturally, this play does not have the same warmth as "Our Town." But then the form of this play is radically different from the form of "Our Town." What matters is that Mr. Wilder is able to hold the attention of a Broadway audience for two hours, while he reminds it that man has a divine destiny, that he is redeemed by the promise within him of the good to be achieved, that the battle for good is never lost, and that man has a soul which is an everlasting part of him whether he understands that soul or not.

We hear a lot of talk about the Mystical Body of Christ, but I suggest quite frankly that most of us would not recognize the Body of Christ if we met it, face to face, along Broadway some night. Proof? Consider the last act of "Skin of Our Teeth." Mr. Wilder shows us that the enemy is our own brother and that, in the last analysis, it isn't enough to beat him: we have to discover how to live with him too. Yet THE COMMONWEAL, of all journals, passes the point by in silence.

If THE COMMONWEAL can't see this for THE COMMONWEAL, very well. I'll grant you playgoing is a definitely subjective experience. It can mean one thing for one person, another for another. But at least you ought to let your readers, outside the New York area, know that

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Mr. Wilder's play is letting a lot of light into a lot of dark places. More than any play in many seasons, it sends people away thinking . . . and thinking creatively. It not only renews man's faith in man. It renews his faith in the theater as well. EMMET LAVERY.

P. S. If "Skin of Our Teeth" really adds up to no more than "tepid" stuff, so far as THE COMMONWEAL is concerned, is it any wonder that the body beautiful occupies the attention of Broadway managers more often than the soul of man?

If people who believe in the soul of man don't get excited about it in the theater, no wonder the spirit of Minsky thrives anew, season after season.

Fortunately, the general reaction of public and critics has been far from "tepid." But it is strange to find THE COMMONWEAL demurring, on the side lines.

IN PRAISE OF NUNS

Roland Park, Baltimore, Md.

TO the Editors: I know that your columns are crowded for space in this pre-Christmas season, so I ask hospitality now for only a very few remarks on the review you published of Father Hayes's Anthology, "In Praise of Nuns." I thought it over-severe in some judgments and harsh in tone, in spite of the words of praise rather meagerly meted out. Father Hayes did, with insight and discrimination, a very difficult work of pioneering in a field whose chaste and austere confines have seldom allured the highest poetic genius; nevertheless he produced a volume which will be the companion and delight of thousands, and an inspiration to many poets of the future. The level is high, as the reviewer acknowledges, and poems of less merit, alongside the best, will teach their lessons to writers of talent. In these days, when so much that is meretricious is flaunted before the public, a work like this of Father Hayes is deserving of a very warm welcome.

THE REV. JOHN F. FENLON.

The Stage & Screen

Lifeline

OTHER NATIONS go to sea, but England is on the sea forever. Thousands of her masters, mates, engineers and sailors are symbolically celebrated by this play. The action occurs on a 5,000-ton tramp steamer. The master and the engineer (Rhys Williams and Whitford Kane), with surface antagonism masking underlying affection, together struggle to drive across the Atlantic a clumsy ship carrying a dangerous cargo of gasoline. During the voyage there occurs a victorious encounter with one submarine, followed by a later and partly disastrous meeting with another. The ship limps into port, but in the meantime there has been a tragic loss of life. Whitford Kane, as the engineer, gave the finest performance but he was closely matched for effectiveness by Rhys Williams as master.

The last scene of the third act was weak. George Keane could not carry the requirements of a third mate weeping in his cups over the deaths occurring during the voyage. The fault was in the lines. The weakness of this scene largely destroyed the total impression of the play.

One difficulty, perhaps impossible to overcome on the stage with a theme like this, is that the visible action was carried forth solely by heroes. The villain of the piece was always offstage. Still the play never failed to hold the audience. Dudley Digges, who also staged the play, did well with a rather anemic part.

R. U. R.

NOT MUCH can be said in favor of a serious puppet show. Puppets can be farcical. In R. U. R. (Rossum's Universal Robots) chaste eye-filling settings by Boris Aronson plus the robot costumes and strange mechanical motions of the robots themselves are novel enough, but they cannot form the theatrical soul in which an audience recognizes a good play. The lines do not help. They make R. U. R. a robot among plays. In outward appearance it is dramatic. Its inward substance is as dead as an exercise in deductive logic carried forward from a false premise; an exercise in logic made barely tolerable by the scenic wonders accompanying its display.

It was a saying of Marx that to subdivide man is to annihilate him. A life of toil was to Marx a life thus subdivided. Pure toil—loveless, passionless work—makes robots and destroys men. This play is a contrivance intended to work out the meaning of the Marxian dictum. It tries to show also that men perfectly realize that life made into work means humanity's destruction, and yet men cannot avoid such destruction because they prefer extinction to surrender of material profits. Coupon clippers and share holders are supposed to dominate society; and society has no will of its own except to slave ever to produce more and more dividends.

How silly all this seems today.

Let me add: Act II has a gripping scene convincingly played by Sydney Smith as Radius, the intellectual leader of the robots, and Horace Braham as Dr. Gall. For a short moment they create the happy illusion of dramatic conflict.

NOTE: Both Lifeline and R. U. R. closed between the time I saw them and the time this issue went to press.

JAMES N. VAUGHAN.

The War Is Hardly Mentioned

TO REFUTE the accusation that Hollywood does not keep abreast of the times, the world's film center made a lot of war pictures. But realizing that it is also running an industry that caters to public tastes, Hollywood turns out a large number of movies that concentrate on other problems and other entertainments not related to war. This week's batch almost avoids the war.

Life Begins at Eight-Thirty shows how Hollywood can pick up an unsuccessful play, turn it into appealing and intelligent cinema fare. Nunnally Johnson, who also produced, wrote the script for film from Emlyn Williams's play, "Yesterday's Magic," a depressing item about an aging once-famous actor, who drowns his memories in

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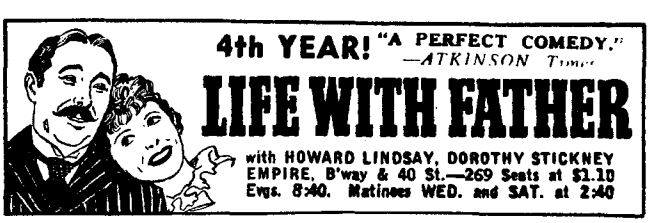
drink, and his devoted crippled daughter. In the film version, the actor, although still a trouble maker and a pathetic spectacle, has a saving sense of humor. And he does not cause further havoc by committing suicide. Much of the credit for the film's suspense and keyed up emotional quality must go to Irving Pichel's splendid direction of his fine cast. Monty Woolley is excellent as the scornful, dignified-though-fallen actor who tries to pick up a little extra change as a department store Santa Claus or as a radio performer, but who has the capacity of a great Lear. Ida Lupino plays his daughter with poignant appeal. Loving children as she does, but sure that she must never have them to pass on her affliction, she slaves for her father, tries again and again to give him confidence to return to the theater to be the great actor he once was. Excellent in supporting rôles are: Sara Allgood, as the producer whose love for the theater is as great as her love for this has-been who only slings sardonic quips at her; Cornel Wilde, a newcomer who brings sincerity to his rôle of the musician who falls in love with the daughter. Not only people interested in the theater will like this film, but also those who enjoy warm human drama in which touching situations are heightened by brilliantly witty lines.

Having had their laugh at sarong movies and Western films, Abbott and Costello now take a crack at mysteries. In *Who Done It?* the boys have a swell time burlesquing all the whodunits of filmdom. And "Who Done It?" has one great advantage over all the former Abbott and Costello comedies. It has no songs or singing sisters. It almost has no subsidiary love story; there is just a suggestion of one in the carryings-on of Patric Knowles and Louise Allbritton, but it is not overemphasized as part of the plot. In this film more than in any of the comedians' others, Bud Abbott and Lou Costello are the works. If you have a yen for the boys, you'll be in your glory, for they're up to their funniest tricks as they try to solve a murder mystery in a radio studio where they hope to be hired as scriptwriters. They solve it all right, but not before they drive the real detectives (William Gargan and William Bendix) even battier than are the funnymen themselves. Some of the gags are old like the old volts-and-watts argument, some of the slapstick is pretty corny like the episode with the cheese, some of their stuff is just rough-and-tumble like the scene in which Costello gets mixed up with the acrobats, but it's awfully funny.

Gentleman Jim takes us back to 1887 before the present war was even contemplated, and when the greatest male worry was how to make an honest sport of prize-fighting. James J. Corbett was one of the leading figures in helping "the scientific art of self defense" rise to a position of respectability. The film, making no attempt to tell the complete life of Corbett, covers those years in which the former bank clerk became the famous fighter known as Gentleman Jim, and ends with Corbett's knocking out John L. Sullivan, thereby holding the first heavyweight championship under the present Marquis of Queensberry rules. Fight fans will get a kick out of the first-rate fighting sequences. Errol Flynn handles himself well as the fighter and lends conviction to his rôle as Corbett. The film is well directed by Raoul Walsh. Its weakness is in not having enough material for a full length movie; so it has been padded with local color and horseplay that become tiresome. It doesn't take us long to catch on that Jim was not so much a gentleman as a fourflusher and a boor with a swelled head. His atrocious manners with Miss Ware (attractively played by Alexis Smith) make him pretty obnoxious. We are given plenty of scenes of Jim's homelife, all of which are overdone caricatures of a shanty-Irish family. Arthur Shields as the parish priest who encourages young Corbett may be an authentic note, but Alan Hale as Jim's hard-drinking father cannot be taken seriously. The script has anachronisms; the costumes are a fair adaptation of the '90's. But perhaps these are minor points in a film that is meant to make audiences nostalgic. Flynn's Corbett and Ward Bond's John L. Sullivan succeed in doing that.

It would be interesting to learn what inspired Paramount to remake *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.* Perhaps that studio decided that today's audience would go for a little old fashioned sentiment, the cornier the better. In any case the studio couldn't have chosen anything more corny and sentimental than "Mrs. Wiggs." Sol Siegel has given it a good production. Once you adjust yourself to the film's 1910 attitude toward sweetness, you find yourself following the story of Mrs. Wiggs and her little Wiggses with interest. This is due mainly to Ralph Murphy's direction of his cast. Except for her well-plucked eyebrows, Fay Bainter looks and acts Mrs. Wiggs to perfection. It's all there again: her patient suffering, her faith, her goodness, her love for her children, her kindness to her neighbors, her reliance that some day Mr. Wiggs would return to her, her tears over the death of her little boy. Also present are the old standbys: the Wiggs kids (remember the three girls named after continents?), the nice young doctor who generously tends the Wiggses, his pretty sweetheart who is the niece of the gruff old doctor who thinks the nice young doctor's philanthropy is nonsense, Mr. Wiggs who does return but who leaves again because he thinks Mrs. Wiggs is marrying someone else, the stern, wealthy dames from the Children's Aid who insist that Mrs. Wiggs give up two of her brood, and those comedy relief characters—spinsterish Tabitha Hazy and Marcus Throckmorton who finally makes this old maid a bride. Vera Vague and Hugh Herbert play these two and lay it all on pretty thick. Some of their humor is very funny, but some of it provides the film's only false note in their *double entendre* remarks that were most certainly not in the story or play.

The film's best fun is the vaudeville show to which Billy takes his mother and sisters. The acts are done with such faithfulness that they work up a nostalgia that spills over into the rest of the film. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.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Antigonish Ten Years After*

By EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

IT WAS back in the comparatively good old days of the early thirties that many of us who were then cutting our intellectual baby teeth began to look to Antigonish, Nova Scotia, for the means of attacking the social question. Hewing to the line, "neither fascism nor communism," right through Hitler's rise to power, the establishment of the New Deal and the course of the Spanish Civil War, we clung to a belief in some sort of Middle Way. And many of us glowed with pride at the thought that St. Francis Xavier University, a Catholic college at Antigonish, served as heart and brain of a new form of social pioneering. It is still true today, without ignoring heroic charities such as *The Catholic Worker* or promising beginnings such as the ACTU, that in the matter of comprehensive, full-bodied social action the Antigonish movement is North America's solitary boast.

The literature on the movement has been none too adequate, sad to say. Although it did grasp some of the spirit of the thing, Bertram Fowler's "The Lord Helps Those" endeavored to make up for factual inaccuracies and inadequacies through sheer enthusiasm, in somewhat the same fashion as the first edition of Marquis Childs's "Sweden: the Middle Way." There have been countless articles paying well merited tribute to the Protestant and Catholic leaders of Antigonish, but the full significance of what they are accomplishing has been suggested only in fragmentary fashion. The emphasis of enthusiasts on the rehabilitation of remote fishing villages has been unfortunate; it has enabled many of the unsympathetic to dismiss the Antigonish idea as unworkable in modern industrial conditions. What follows is a brief attempt to interpret that idea in its true light.

In general terms it is the rehabilitation of the common man from the low estate of hand or cog or item on a ledger to which he has been reduced by the ruthless, unchecked expansion of the Industrial Revolution. Father Jimmie Tompkins, student of education extraordinary and later a founder of the Antigonish movement, has almost infinite faith in the potentialities of the average, untutored miner, farm worker, millhand, drug clerk. He has proved again and again that, given the necessary techniques and shown how to start, these "little men" can become the leaders of their people. The groups of miners around Reserve Mines, for example, who after less than five years of study club, credit union, cooperative store, people's library activities, have financed and built their own modern homes on an arable half acre of ground not far from town, included some who hitherto devoted their whole time off to street corner idling. Now they are energetic community leaders.

If the common man is to come into his own, it must be through his own efforts. The government cannot hand it to him, inactive rank-and-file membership in a labor union will not procure it for him, reading the tabloids, listening to patent medicine radio programs, going to the movies two or three nights a week will not do it for him, any more than hanging around the local soda fountain, city ward political club or corner saloon. Even the ambitious worker who takes certain academic or technical courses at night as now given in many of our public schools has not thereby plumbed the possibilities of adult education. It might be said that the secret of the formula of the St. Francis Xavier Extension Department is twofold: each man begins with his own immediate needs and learns how to better his daily life (in other words study directed specifically toward doing something of vital personal importance); secondly he learns first-hand how neighbors possessing little economic resources of their own can accomplish great things through intelligent common action for the good of all. Many a group in eastern Nova Scotia, for instance, upon discovering what they can achieve for themselves, their families and the community through the Antigonish system of beginning with regular group study and then formation and operation of a credit union will say, "What next?" Then in the course of a few years will ensue a whole series of new producer and consumer cooperative activities, the immediate choice depending on what in the group's opinion their community most needs at the time. These individual breadwinners and housewives have discovered that, although each one can do little by himself, they can accomplish much by pooling their talents and meager resources. With this new sense of strength and neighborly spirit comes ambition for better modes of living. And there are many instances of men who, although they had left school to become pit boys after four or five years in the grades, were so struck by the new world of ideas that opened up before them here that for the first time in their lives they became steady readers of good books. That is adult education à la Antigonish. It has worked for farmers, fishermen, miners, steel workers, teachers and housewives; the formula could be adapted for the widest range of social and economic conditions.

It is peculiarly fitting that an institution such as the college, which tries to inculcate in individual students social understanding and moral responsibility, should itself set an example and assert its responsibility toward the well-being of the district in which it operates. Here again St. Francis Xavier of Antigonish sets the pace. There are also a few institutions in the United States that do likewise to a limited degree. D'Youville College in Buffalo, New York, is the center for the remarkable credit union development flourishing in that large industrial city and vicinity. St. John's University of Collegeville, Minnesota, organizes and helps conduct a regular series of rural institutes for the farmers in the area. It also teaches Christian rural philosophy to students from the nearby districts which furnish so large a proportion of the student body.

* Nova Scotia, Land of Cooperatives. Leo R. Ward. Sheed. $2.50.

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And at Creighton University at Omaha, Nebraska, there is even a course instructing young men how to farm—not only the technique of cultivation which could be obtained at state agricultural schools and universities, but also the basic philosophy, the art of farming as a way of life. (This, by the way, calls for a different technique of cultivating the soil than the commercial farming taught at state institutions.) A number of other Jesuit colleges and universities provide facilities and instructors for Catholic labor schools. There may be other colleges with similar social programs but in general this is a virtually untapped field for American colleges. After the war thousands of the demobilized who want to learn how to begin life anew on the 10-80 acre farm which can provide the most favorable environment possible for the truly Christian family will be looking for instruction on farming objectives and methods. And will our colleges and universities not be able also to play a leading part in formulating and carrying out the plans enabling millions demobilized from armed services and war industries to find a productive place in the post-war economy? St. Francis Xavier of Antigonish has the spirit and the experience to lead the way.

The Nova Scotia experiment also has the deepest significance from a spiritual viewpoint. For the past ten years we have all done a lot of talking about the principles in the social encyclicals. And many prominent Catholics have cheered the New Deal as an actualization of such principles. But what new institutions have we set up to meet the new conditions inimical to man, the family and society resulting from modern capitalism? Take, for instance, the practice of birth-control, which is the most serious problem confronting the Church in America today; among Catholics it is attaining tragic proportions. There has been lots of talk against it, but how feeble the attempts to build up practical means that will obviate economic pretexts for such an evil. The Redemptorists have encouraged the formation of parish maternity guilds, but such guilds are few and widely scattered. Parish credit unions, which could also be developed to help meet this problem, are anything but numerous. That is one situation crying out for immediate action. The priests of Antigonish do not talk about it much, but by collaborating with the people in meeting their basic problems of existence they believe they have achieved far more than the most eloquent preaching could do. They are repairing the Church's loss of the working man which Pius XI called the tragedy of the nineteenth century. They have demonstrated the importance of devising new means of meeting new problems, which fills so many glorious pages of Christian history.

It is best to know quite a bit about the subject before tackling Father Ward's book. To be acquainted with the bare facts about the organization of hundreds of local study clubs by the Extension Department of St. Francis Xavier University and the success of the various producer and consumer cooperatives that resulted would be particularly helpful. Also how the system works and a good bit of data as to how many people are involved, the extent of their savings and production, etc., fully to appreciate Father Ward's comments. It would be of assistance to realize in addition the part Father Tompkins, Father Coady, A. B. MacDonald and other St. Francis Xavier leaders play in the movement. For Father Ward's book is a combination of travel, warm studies of individual Scotch-Canadian and Acadian people and general interpretation. He meets hundreds of cooperators on his tour. By quoting a sentence or two from each one he seeks to build up an impressionistic version of the people's point of view. Readers who know the man already will think that the picture of Father Jimmy is the best thing in the whole book, for the author has really "caught" him. It seems to me that fewer people should have been introduced into the story and more time spent with each one. But Father Ward gets the whole idea, and in these war-torn days he is to be thanked for keeping alive interest in dynamic St. F. X.

To think that the Antigonish example has been so near at hand for the past ten years, that so many people from the United States have attended the annual conferences at the university and made the cooperative tour out there, is genuinely disheartening. For despite those who have returned to the States ecstatic over the sparkling Nova Scotia summer, the attractiveness of the people and the effectiveness of their big idea, there is little to show in this country as a result. The essential link between study club, credit union and cooperative store is almost entirely lacking here. Better literature would help. Father Coady's "Masters of Their Own Destiny" is good, but we need material that fully explains the Antigonish aims, methods, results, and then goes on to show how these principles would operate in a big industrial city, in our farmlands of the West—where cooperatives already have a foothold—in our sharecropper districts in the South. In the dislocation sure to follow the war nothing could be more invaluable than a good blueprint integrating education, labor, industry, resettlement on the land, credit unions and cooperatives. In fact, St. Francis Xavier of Antigonish embodies greater potentialities for the common man and human society in war-torn 1942 than when we first began to hear about it ten years ago.

Books of the Week

Good Analysis. Good Prophet?

The Future of Industrial Man. Peter F. Drucker. Day. $2.50.

THAT OWNERSHIP and management have been divorced, on grounds of desertion, is a fact taught us ten years ago by Berle and Means. Theoretically the stockholders own and control and the managers of a corporation are responsive and responsible to them. Actually this is a myth. The stockholders have abandoned their house, and their only interest is dividends. Thus management exercises irresponsible and illegitimate power.

This is the starting point for Mr. Drucker's thesis that whoever controls the industrial plant controls power in our life. Industrial society, as now constituted, is not free, and the problem is to make it free. Essentially nazism is an attempt to solve the central problem of industrial life—that is, to restore to the individual status and function in society. But nazism has attempted to achieve this on the basis of slavery and conquest. Given the absence of function and status, the masses will follow any leader

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who claims ability to give it to them, and who invites change on that basis. It is evident that our victory in this war is but the beginning of the beginning.

Mr. Drucker admits that corporation management in the United States is capable and efficient and honest. His objection to it is that its power is uncontrolled and, therefore, unjustified. This is true not because the managers want such power, but because the stockholder has abdicated. Of this Mr. Drucker gives a curious example. In the age before Hitler, it was the custom of German banks to vote in their own name the shares of their clients. This practice was forbidden by law which now required the express authorization of the stock depositors. But this law—to protect the depositor—was sterilized because almost without exception such authorization was at once given. Clearly stockholders do not want responsibility. They do not regard stock as certificates of ownership but as investments.

This, then, is the fact. To legalize this fact Mr. Owen D. Young proposed to vest property rights in management and give the stockholders a "wage" for the use of his money. Although this proposal was scorned, the present war in effect has brought it obliquely about. The stockholders' returns are now frozen, and increased profits go to the government.

For some time then it has been clear that to talk about forms of ownership is to talk nonsense, since power no longer attends property. Property does not matter politically. He who controls, not he who owns, governs. This is the reality as opposed to the myth of industrial society.

But all power must have an ethical basis. This is what Mr. Drucker means by his principle of legitimacy. His concern, then, is how to make this power legitimate. He realizes that this war is being fought for the structure of industrial society. He is wise enough to know that he has no dogmatic answer to his question. But he is aware of this fact: that the industrial plant is now the social unit in our lives. It must, he says, be made a social institution from which will come a free and functioning society.

The industrial plant must not be allowed to be controlled by government. For "Planned Economy" Mr. Drucker has only contempt. In it he sees the establishment of bureaucratic despotism. Function and status will be no more given the individual by this arrangement than it is given him by the present one. If I understand him correctly, the workers must be allowed to assume the same relationship to management that was once the function of the stockholders. This would restore legitimate power. How to do this? Mr. Drucker does not say.

I have tried to strip his thesis to its bone essentials. In doing it I have been unfair. For in a sense this book is an acute analysis of our society from its industrial origins. It is provocative and wise and brilliant. It is a greater book than my own words have led you to believe. To know a problem is not to know its answers. The war is determining the answers. It will not be Mr. Drucker's fault if we do not make it yield up the right ones.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

DRAMA

Representative Medieval and Tudor Plays. Translated and Edited by Henry W. Wells and Roger S. Loomis. Sheed. $3.50.

FOLLOWING an introduction in which the development and decline of the medieval theater are outlined and the selections presented are discussed, this volume gives translations and modernized versions of three Latin "Miracles of Saint Nicholas," the "Miracle of the Blind Man and the Cripple" by Andrieu de la Vigne, the "Annunciation" and the "Second Shepherds' Play" from the Wakefield Cycle, an abridgement of the "Mystery of the Redemption" in the Hegge Manuscript (more widely if inaccurately known as the Coventry Cycle), the morality of "Everyman," two Interludes by John Heywood and a short but excellent bibliography. Lists of characters and brief stage directions are inserted to facilitate the staging of the plays, and four charming medieval illustrations brighten the volume.

Professors Loomis and Wells are well equipped both as scholars and as translators to undertake a work of this kind. Their introductory essay is informative and helpful and should raise no substantial disagreement, although this reader would have appreciated a somewhat greater emphasis on the positive poetic and dramatic value of the medieval theater in general and on the religious qualities of the earlier church plays, to counterbalance the discussion of the faults of the later dramas.

The translations as a whole are faithful to the spirit of the original texts, and modern enough to appeal directly to the present-day reader or hearer. While the new versions are not too confined by the rhyme and meter of the old texts, some of the alliterative passages in the Hegge pieces are carried over with power and skill; and in general the plays "talk" well. Naturally any critic who compared these versions with the original texts would have his criticisms of detail, and I am not going to burden this review with my own. It may be suggested, however, that rather more than the necessary liberty was taken with some passages, particularly in the Wakefield plays. Moreover, some errors escaped the notice of the editors. For instance, "Be then no other than thou wast" should be changed to "Be then no longer what thou wast" (*Ne sis ultra quod fuisti*); the present rendering changes the sense of the entire passage. The *Sanctus* indicated for the entry of the angels at the creation would have no appropriate meaning: the original gives several verses of the *Te Deum* at this point. And I can find no excuse for the inclusion of Heywood's *John, Tyb and Sir John,* clever as the piece undoubtedly is, except perhaps to represent the astounding vulgarity to which the Tudor theater could descend. But these are small matters in comparison with the general worth of the book, which amply demonstrates the vitality and variety of the earliest modern theater.

GRANGER RYAN.

HISTORY

No Royal Road. R. Emmett Taylor. North Carolina. $4.00.

> So well do I feel the old Castle [Milan] in my mind that now I occasionally run into a wall where a door ought to be—I go down the lovely staircase to Mass with Galeazzo Maria on that morning after Christmas—I go fleeing down the narrow corridors, our long coats swishing, as we carry the young Duke to the Rochetta.

IF PROFESSOR TAYLOR'S study of the Renaissance mathematician were written with the same freedom as the footnote we have quoted, his fat volume would have another flavor. There is not the smallest doubt that the author had a wonderful time collecting his material, but so infinitely precious to him is each garnered bit of data

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that there has been very little sifting of the chaff—from the reader's point of view—merely a laborious elaboration of notebooks. The incidental material is admittedly from secondary sources and as it neither shows the Sforzas, Montefeltres, Gonzagas, etc., from a new angle nor pictures their circles more vividly than some of the standard works, Professor Taylor might have produced a slimmer volume with the spotlight less intermittently upon the hero. If the Professor found it difficult to be precise about Paciolo's career, he has certainly made it just as difficult for the reader, and the following facts have been gathered only after arduous persistence and continual cross reference and consultation with the index.

Luca Paciolo was born in Borgo San Sepolcro, Tuscany, in 1445. As a youth he worked in the studio of Piero della Francesca along with Signorelli and Perugino where his aptitude for mathematics impressed Francesca, and he took Luca along with him to Urbino when commissioned to make a portrait of Duke Frederigo. In Urbino, Luca could study all day in one of the most spendid libraries of the Western World. Bound in silver and scarlet, each of the Duke's volumes was a masterpiece of scribal art. It is certain that Luca must here have been able to study at his leisure the Latin versions of Euclid by Boethius and Campanus from which he later made his Italian version. Luca was in love with mathematics; the goal of his life was to popularize his mistress and even when he joined the Franciscans, to be a missionary for science seemed his paramount interest. His teaching career began when he became the tutor in the family of an important Venetian merchant, Rompiasi, to whose three sons he dedicated his first text book, and, as delightedly permeated with the commerce of Venice as another man might have been with her art, Luca studied at first hand the practices of bookkeeping, trading, exchange and banking, the principles of which he embodied in his "Summa de Arithmetica." The introduction of double entry bookkeeping among the Venetians is of mysterious origin. But Luca is frank to confess that his own book is based upon the treatises of one Leonardo da Pisa who, two hundred years before, had voyaged about the Mediterranean for a firm of merchants and had acquired a knowledge of Algebra and the use of Arabic numerals. The Pisan's Latin scripts made him famous in the court of the Emperor Frederick II and were then forgotten, but Luca Paciolo knew how to publicize his scholarship. He lectured in the universities of Perugia, Florence, Pavia, Milan, Rome and Naples; he expounded, exhorted and finally convinced the Italians that mathematics belonged not to scholars but to every man, and his chapters on double entry in the "Summa," translated into Dutch, French, German and English, became the foundation of the modern system. Three years later, Paciolo published "De Divina Proportione" (1497), which was largely taken from Vitruvius on architecture and which included the science of lettering and solid geometry. He also offered a number of problems in picturesque clothing—a Wolf, a Rabbit and a Cabbage being the characters for the ancient one of the trip across a river. All his books were printed in Italian.

No one agrees as to when Luca joined the Franciscans, but it was probably not till he was thirty. He belonged to the Conventuals and was given so much freedom that he not only drew a personal salary from the various universities but was permitted by a Papal Bull to make a will and to leave some 300 gold ducats to his family, which in modern values must have equaled about $4,000. There

"This Publishing Business"

HOME IN THE DARK

I ONCE HEARD A MAN on a Fifth Avenue bus telling a friend about a girl: "She's fake, she's pseudo, she's false. In fact I sometimes wonder if she's real." He might have been describing Crystal Mayhappy, the heroine of Howard Rollin Patch's novel CUPID ON THE STAIRS. He might have been describing the whole Mayhappy family and pretty well everyone else in this beautifully witty novel. He might, come to think of it, have been describing most of us. But that's verging on the morbid. Back to the novel.

Cupid and Psyche (in bronze) were at the foot of the stairs in the Mayhappy house, but they had not had a great deal to say to the Mayhappy married life. There was a reasonable cupidity, of course, for Marshall Mayhappy was a banker; but what has Cupid to do with cupidity? And there was much talk of psychology, for Crystal Mayhappy was a forward-looking modern woman: but Psyche must often wonder how her name ever got mixed up with anything so nasty (she would hate Freud, would Psyche, for she was a nice-minded girl). The statue was indeed a tribute to art rather than to religion: neither those Gods nor any Gods were of much account in that household. For these people were neither Christians with God nor pagans with Gods. They were only pillars of their church. . . .

The story is of what happened when Cupid did for a wild space reign from his perch at the foot of the stairs and set four winds of love—all illicit—blowing at once through the house. The result of course, is devastating: there is a pagan view of sex and a Christian view of sex and these people had neither. They are in fact almost a laboratory specimen of Christianity with the life drained out of it. The first reaction of such people to what used to be called temptation is, "Why shouldn't I" and their second is "I don't see why I shouldn't." Nothing could be more accurate than the form of this last statement. They don't see why they shouldn't. They don't see anything. They are only conscious of a lot of urges in the dark: not all the urges are bad or selfish, but all are lightless. Being in the dark has the great advantage that it keeps you from seeing unpleasant things; but it doesn't keep you from tripping over them.

It is a diverting spectacle to see them trip, but anyone with any power to see himself will find his smile growing a little rueful. Howard Patch is a profound moralist, but he never points a moral. He simply leaves reality lying around so to speak, and lets his characters make their own collisions with it. And he is a realist to the end. For his characters (like most of us) learn nothing from experience. Cupid settles back again into his bronze; the winds of love stop blowing; those who had been the winds' sport are left rubbing their shins, but very much as they were, and still in the dark. Painfully as they have collided with reality, they still do not know that it is there. They haven't the light to see it by. FJS

CUPID ON THE STAIRS, A NOVEL, by Howard Rollin Patch. $2.50

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is nothing to indicate that Fra Luca was an original mathematical genius, but it is obvious from his wide reputation that he was a singularly gifted teacher who could inspire his pupils with some of his own enthusiasm. His visiting list included most of the great people of the Italian Renaissance; Leonardo da Vinci is said to have introduced him to the Sforzas, and Julius II was for years his patron. Dr. Taylor has certainly enjoyed the dream contacts he has made through his hero. It seems a shame that his overzest for his subject has made it less pleasurable for his readers.

E. V. R. WYATT.

The Development of the Labor Movement in Great Britain, France, and Germany. W. A. McGonagha. North Carolina. $2.50.

READING Mr. McGonagha brings to mind again the comforting thought that the American labor movement has, for all its faults, kept relatively free of the revolutionary Marxism that dominated the origins and growth of organized labor in France and Germany. The Church in America, as in England, has found it unnecessary to isolate its faithful in Christian unions. And this, we believe, has not only been a good thing for unionism in these countries, but has also afforded the Church a much better chance to get its leaven working in the vast dough of Anglo-American life. So far we have pretty much muffed the chance, but that is another story.

If Mr. McGonagha's book were half as complete as his title, it would be a definitely good buy. As far as it goes it is valuable, interesting, and apparently objective. But the ground covered is wide and deep, and 194 pages simply aren't enough to do more than tickle the surface, and the reader's appetite.

The Christian unions of Germany get a few pages of not unsympathetic treatment, but those of France are completely ignored. Although the author is certainly not pro-communist or even particularly pro-Marxist, he misses completely the relation of Moscow's swing to the united front in 1935 with the reunion of France's CGT and the Stalinist CGTU in 1936. He also neglects to bring out the commies' criminal stupidity during the early 30's, when the German labor movement, along with the rest of the country, was sacrificed to Hitler on the altar of Moscow's jealous hatred of the Social Democrats. For this period Jan Valtin's "Out of the Night" is, with all its sensationalism, more vital and revealing labor history.

JOHN C. CORT.

PHILOSOPHY

Saint Thomas and the Problem of Evil. Jacques Maritain. Marquette. $1.50.

AFTER reviewing briefly the metaphysical theme, common to SS. Augustine and Thomas, that evil, though real and very much present in things, is a defect or privation, M. Maritain undertakes to present the doctrine of St. Thomas on the meaning of evil in the world and on the cause of the freely willed, morally evil choice. According to St. Thomas, as reported by this author, there is evil in the world not only because evil-doers and evil-sufferers are finite and hence defectible parts of a universe created from nothing, but more especially because some creatures —human and angelic persons—were created suitable subjects for supernatural elevation, that is to say, with the ability to love God freely. But since this entails no less the ability on the part of the free creature to refuse to love God, it would appear that the ability to sin is the price which creatures must pay in order to be eligible for Beatitude.

The second point of doctrine—which, incidentally, M. Maritain regards as one of the most original of St. Thomas's philosophical discoveries—may be summarized as follows: The cause or root (in itself not evil) of the freely willed, morally evil choice is the ability of the agent to choose freely without considering right standards of action; evil and moral culpability appear on the scene when the agent actually does thus choose.

The present work is the Aquinas Lecture of 1942 delivered by its author before the Aristotelian Society of Marquette University.

DAVID DALRYMPLE.

WAR

What About Germany? Louis P. Lochner. Dodd. $3.00.
This Is the Enemy. Frederick Oechsner (with the United Press Staff). Little. $3.00.
Order of the Day. Thomas Mann. Knopf. $2.75.

IT SEEMS all the American journalists returning from Germany with the *Drottningholm* last summer thought it their duty to write books. Out of this overproduction Louis P. Lochner's study is the most serious. He really knows the Germans after twenty years of newspaper work in Berlin, fourteen as the chief of the Associated Press Berlin office. Thanks to his multifarious connections and acquaintances under the Weimar Republic and to the tact and discretion he had always proved, his information was not only based on nazi officials and foreigners. Conservatives and Socialists, Catholics and Protestants who had long befriended him, kept their friendship and discussed their problems frankly with the American who had stood the test. So Lochner's views about the internal German situation are of much more foundation and interest than those of colleagues who came to Germany only after Hitler had seized power.

Lochner emphatically assures us that "there is another Germany" besides nazism. Smith in his dashing book "Last Train from Berlin" gave the impression that the conservative, the Catholic and the Marxist underground movements are just three different oppositions, without anything in common except the wish that nazism might be licked. Lochner claims that there is some clandestine leadership, of which few people are aware, but which is invisibly combining these opposition movements to that "Front der anständigen Leute"—the Front of Decent People—which is rapidly in the making and on which the hope of a future Germany cooperating with all the other nations is based.

Unlike the Gestapo (the secret police), made up exclusively of nazi fanatics, the civil service contains, according to Lochner, thousands of holdovers from former régimes. In the event of a revolution he assures us most of these men—in spite of their incessant training courses in nazi *weltanschauung*—will prove again to be the same decent good-natured officers of the law they had been before Hitler perverted German officialdom. The same will be true with a large part of the Army officers.

Lochner gives the impression that a new, young, anti-nazi leadership is developing in Germany and that the people are not very eager to receive back the old-line labor politicians (this is bad news to those gentlemen) who prepare on this side of the Atlantic for their return after the duration, seriously distributing offices among themselves.

According to Lochner the one great obstacle in spreading anti-nazi propaganda is the fear of wide masses of the

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German people that the peace which will follow the Second World War would be even farther removed from the promises of the "Atlantic Charter" than the Treaty of Versailles was removed from Wilson's "Fourteen Points," on the basis of which they had trustfully laid their fate in the hands of the Allies after the First World War. He suggests that Roosevelt and Churchill should join with the Holy Father in a statement which gives credit to the Front of Decent Germans and includes an assurance that "another Germany" could join the "victor nations" in the construction of a common world of international justice. He thinks it wise to encourage the men of good will in Germany by the certainty of their full share in post-war efforts for an enduring peace.

While this book of the Associated Press chief is weighty and written in a somewhat old fashioned style, his competitor, Frederick Oechsner of the United Press, offers a more brilliant and modern reportage. His chapters on nazi personalities are spicy enough and enriched by new anecdotes. Everything is more sensational than deep, more peppy journalism than sound analysis. Four authors from the United Press staff complete the book with chapters about the conquered countries, the technique of this war and economic problems. This work, publicized in a noisy way, has merits of its own, but stands to my judgment far behind Lochner's more efficient though more modest writing.

As with the American offensive in the Mediterranean the crisis of nazism seems at last in sight, the collection of the anti-nazi essays of Thomas Mann is very timely. The author of "Buddenbrooks," "The Magic Mountain" and "Joseph and His Brethren" is the most dignified public figure among German refugees from nazidom—though certainly not the greatest living writer of Germany. His essays are the protest of a pre-Hitler esthetic and liberal mind against the demagogy of Hitler, the barbarism of his persecutions and his *Kulturpolitik*. Will the world that calls itself civilized and Christian—Mann asks—possess the physical and, most of all, the moral force to break the evil of nazism? Though his own philosophy is a somewhat thin humanism, which I hesitate to call Christian, Mann feels the grandeur in a character like Niemöller and admires his martyrdom "in full awareness of the frightfulness of his road."

Thomas Mann is too sensitive an artist to join the half-educated mob that today sets itself up to "conquer Christianity," but at the same time he disclaims "any doctrinaire attitude in spiritual matters." He feels the mission to fight the "Gestapo world of universal slavery" and he realizes that this can't be done with the "l'art pour l'art" mentality of his younger days. But the remedy he preaches is not consciously Christian resistance against Hitler's paganism, it is a somewhat vague hope for a "third humanism," it is the enlightenment idea of mankind, refined by a growing knowledge of man's nature. But as Thomas Mann realizes the weakness that humanism shows when facing the brutalities of nazism (there were no Niemöllers among the apostles of enlightenment), he asks humanism to become militant, to stand up against the forces of evil. He fails to see that this would mean to restore the attitude of "sacrifices for values not deriving from this world," the attitude indeed of medieval and Baroque Christianity, which unfortunately enough has been secularized all too thoroughly in the general tone of society by modern enlightenment and its relativism.

MAX FISCHER.

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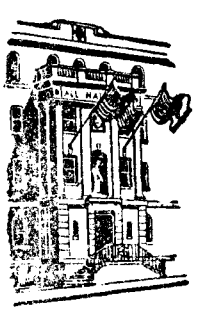

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The Inner Forum

American Edition of the "Missale Romanum"

UP UNTIL now all copies of the Roman Missal used on the altar at Mass in this country have had to be imported. Most of them came from France and Germany, where the special type-setting facilities required had been developed over the centuries since the first printd edition was produced in Milan in 1474. Now that the war has blocked off the importation of liturgical books from the European Continent, they have been practically unavailable. Hence the importance of the first "Missale Romanum" to be printed and producted in the United States, which has just been issued by Benziger Brothers of New York.

Before Low Mass was the custom, the book used by the priest at the altar was much less comprehensive, since it did not contain those parts of the Mass chanted by the deacon or subdeacon or sung by the choir. This smaller book, which went back to the earliest times, was called the Sacramentary, as its contents centered around the act of consecration of the sacrifice. There were no Missals comparable to the present one before the ninth century. And it was the *Missale secundum consuetudinem Romanae Curiae* produced in Italy in the thirteenth century under Franciscan auspices that the present selection and arrangement of parts were established. Pope Saint Pius V following the Council of Trent three centuries later made a major revision of the Missal which is the basis for the edition in use today. Other important revisions appeared under Clement VIII in 1604 and Urban VIII in 1634.

The new American "Missale Romanum" incorporates the changes decreed by Pius XII last April. Because of the Pope's desire for the special intercession and guidance of his predecessors who had been canonized, a special common Mass and prayers honoring the popes of the Missal was decreed. This changes the proper of thirty-one Masses during the year, for hitherto they followed the single common for both popes and bishops.

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